

The History of

Ser. It is my Lord.

Hot. That Roan shall be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight. *Esperance*, bid *Butler* lead him forth into the Parke.

Lady. But heare you, my Lord.

Hot. What sayst thou, my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot. Why, my horse (my love) my horse.

La. Our you mad-headed ape, a weazel hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are toft with. In fayth ile know your busines, *Harry*, that I will: I feare, my brother *Mortimer* doth stir about his title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprize, but if

Hot. So far a foot, I shall be weary, love. (you goe,

La. Come, come, you Parraquito. answer me directly unto this question that I shall aske: in fayth i'le breake thy little finger, *Harry*, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away, you trisler, love; I love thee not;

I care not for thee, *Kate*, this is no world

To play with mamnets, and to tilt with lips,

We must have bloody noses, and crackt crownes,

And passe them currant too: gods me my horse.

What saist thou *Kate*, what woulds thou have with me?

La. Doe you not love me? doe you not indeede?

Well, doe not then? for since you love me not,

I will not love my selfe. Doe you not love me?

Nay, tell me, if you speake in jest, or no?

Hot. Come, wilt thou seeme ride?

And when I am a horse-backe, I will sweare,

I love thee infinitely. But harke you *Kate*,

I must not have you henceforth question me

Whither I goe: nor reason whereabout:

Whither I must, I must: and to conclude,

This evening must I leave you, gentle *Kate*,

I know you wise, but yet no farthe wife,

Then *Harry Percies* wife. Constant you are,

But yet a woman, and for secrecy,

Nay Lady closer, for I will beleeve,

Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know:

And so far will I trust thee, gentle *Kate*.

La. How, so far?

Hot. Not an inch further

Whither I go, thither shall

To day will I set forward

Will this content you *Kate*?

La. It must of force.

Enter Prince

Pri. *Ned*, prethee come out  
thy hand to laugh a little.

Poy. Where hast beene,

Prin. With three or four

four-score Hogs-heads. I h

Humility. Sirra, I am sworn

can call them all by their C

*Francis*; they take it. alread

I be Prince of *Wales*, yet I a

me flatly, I am not proud I

a Lad of metall, a good Boy

when I am King of *Engla*

Lads in *East-cheap*. They cal

when you breathe in your v

play it off. To conclude, I an

ter of an houre, that I can dr

Language during my life. I

much honor, that thou we

sweet *Ned*, to sweeten wh

penniworth of Sugar, clapt

dersinker, one that never f

8 shillings, and 6 pence, an

addition, *Anon anon* sir, *Sk*

or so. But *Ned*, to drive awa

doe thou stand in some by-

Drawer, to what end he h

leave calling *Francis*, that h

*Anon*: step aside, and i'le s

*Poines*. *Francis*.

Prince Thou art perfect.

*Fran*. *Anon*, *anon* sir, look